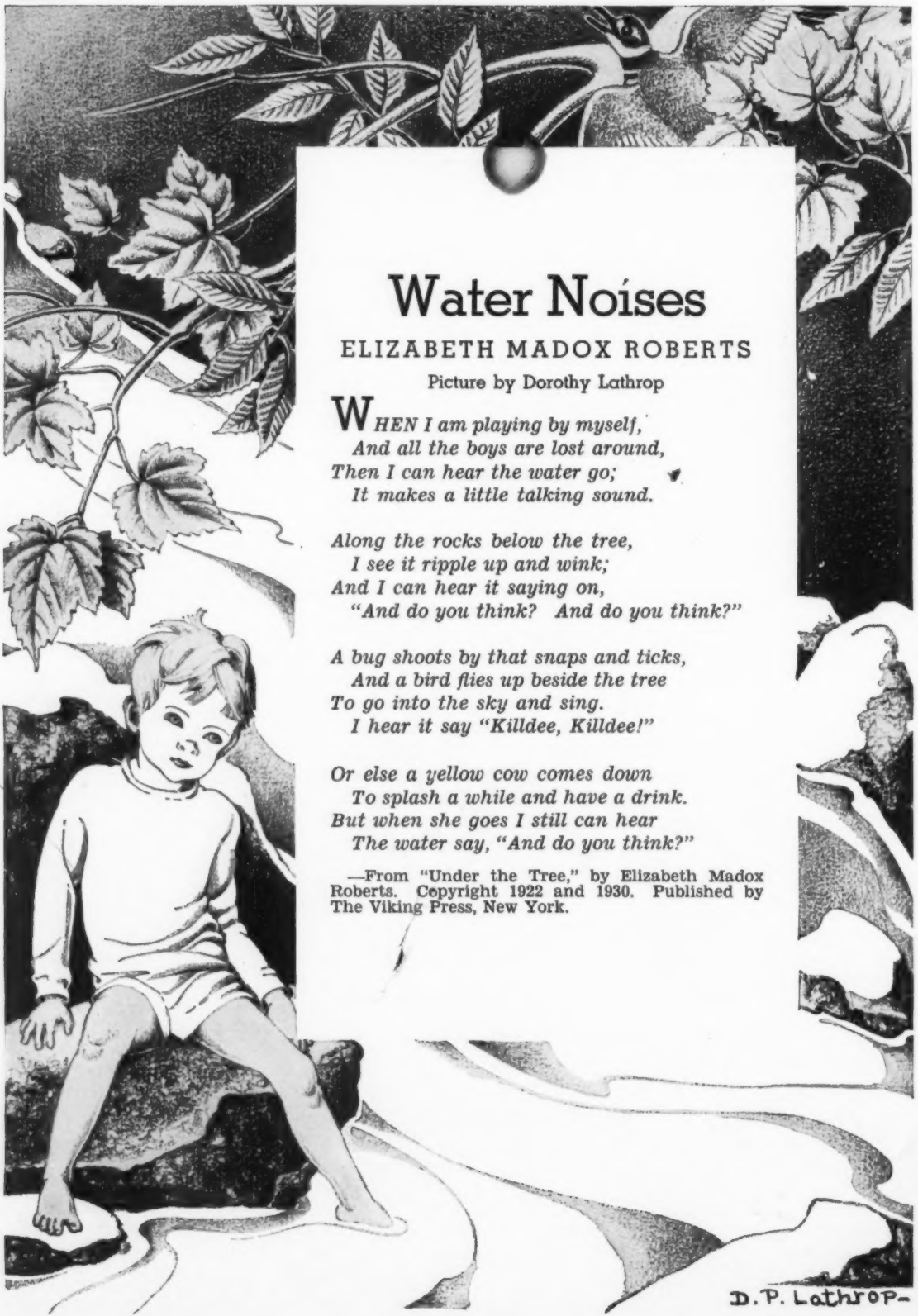


AMERICAN  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
**NEWS**

May 1940

"I Serve"





## Water Noises

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Picture by Dorothy Lathrop

**W**HEN I am playing by myself,  
And all the boys are lost around,  
Then I can hear the water go;  
It makes a little talking sound.

Along the rocks below the tree,  
I see it ripple up and wink;  
And I can hear it saying on,  
"And do you think? And do you think?"

A bug shoots by that snaps and ticks,  
And a bird flies up beside the tree  
To go into the sky and sing.  
I hear it say "Kildee, Kildee!"

Or else a yellow cow comes down  
To splash a while and have a drink.  
But when she goes I still can hear  
The water say, "And do you think?"

—From "Under the Tree," by Elizabeth Madox  
Roberts. Copyright 1922 and 1930. Published by  
The Viking Press, New York.

D. P. Lathrop-

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

May • 1940

## The Wish Book Dress A Story of the Southern Highlands

MAY JUSTUS

Illustrations by Helen Finger

"**W**HOA, Beck! Whoa, there, Heck!" Glory in the cabin kitchen heard Uncle Bildad Cooley's shout and ran out to the gate where the mail wagon had stopped.

"Howdy, honey. You want this wish book?" The old man held out to her a mail order catalog. "There's no wrapper on it—no address, and I thought you might like it."

"Oh, yes!" Glory replied eagerly. "Much obliged," she added, speaking in a mannerly way.

"Don't mention it," Uncle Bildad said. "Get on, Beck. Get along, Heck!"

Glory hastened into the house again. It was nearly time for dinner, she could tell by a glance at the sun plank in the kitchen floor. No time for looking at the wish book now. She must get the corn pone in the oven and give attention to the sallet pot on the chimney crane. She would get the table set, too, so as to be ready when her folks came in from planting the new-ground field. Grandy, Mammy and Matt had left home long before the sun had risen over Little Twin. They'd be hungry enough to eat chips. She hoped they would like the dinner and say a praiseful word about it. They'd be surprised for certain over one thing: the sallet, for they were expecting beans, this being bean day. Yesterday they had had potatoes—the last mess, for the rest Mammy said must be saved for seed. She had gathered the sallet first thing after they had left this morning—a little here and a little there—for the poke, wild mustard and dandelion made as yet but a sprinkle of green along

the creek bank. Later on there would be a God's plenty, as Mammy said.

When the corn pone was baking on the hearth and an extra gourdful of water had been added to the pot, Glory sat down on a stool to feast her eyes on the wish book.

What a sight of fanciful frocks there were—page after page of them—girls' dresses and boys' suits, beribboned hats, shiny shoes! Glory was bewitched by a dress on the back of the wish book—a blue flowerdy dress, marked ninety-eight cents. Oh, how she wished that it could be hers. If it were in mid-summer she could save huckleberry money and order it. Down at Cross Roads store huckleberries sold for as much as fifteen cents a gallon. Glory sighed. Huckleberries wouldn't be ripe for a long, long time.

A bark and a shout outside warned her that Matt and Barney were rushing on ahead of the others. She dropped the wish book by the stool, and got up to fix dinner.

"I'm ready to eat raw bacon rinds!" shouted her brother. "I'm so hungry I could sop the pot and lick my fingers, too!"

"Humph—I reckon you better not let Mammy see you!" Glory said, smiling at him. "Go on out and wash. I'll have dinner on by the time you get the dirt off."

Mammy and Grandy came in a few minutes later, and soon they were sitting around the table.

"Look-a-there!" cried Mammy. She had seen the bowl of sallet before Grandy had asked the blessing. And then they were all so





pleased that they could scarcely shut their eyes till he said "Amen."

There was a good helping for everyone, and a gourdful of pot-licker which was given to Grandy, who liked to crumble the corn pone crust in the savory broth.

"Seems good to have spring stuff again—I declare it does," said Mammy. "A month back, there was snow on the ground—and now it's getting green."

"A passel o' herbs are up," Grandy said. "Star root and Mayapple and sang and Solomon's seal. I mean to go herb hunting," he added, "as soon as corn is planted. Some herbs fetch a goodly price in cash money down at the Cross Roads store."

"Seems like a sin," Mammy said, "to sell such like for money. The Good Man planted herbs for medicine. Seems like they ought to be free to outlanders as well as to we 'uns. Maybe the Good Man would like it better if we gathered herbs to give away."

"No. He wouldn't," Grandy said. "The Good Man knows the outlander people need herb medicine and we need money—it's naught but a fair exchange."

"Maybe so," agreed Mammy, and Glory was glad, for all of a sudden a notion had popped into her head.

The next day Mammy stayed at home to get the dinner for it was hominy-making day and Glory couldn't tend to that, so she went to

the field with Grandy and Matt. On the way down the Hollow she watched for herbs and found star root and Mayapple. She marked the places where they were growing, using sassafras sticks which had been tossed aside from a brush-pile because it was thought bad luck to burn them. After the morning's work was done, she would dig up the herb roots. Her apron would do for a poke to carry them home, and her folks would think she was carrying wood for kindling. She had a mind to keep her plan a secret from everybody until she was certain-sure that she could carry it out. She would gather herb roots here and there and sell them and save the money till she had a dollar. She could order the wish book dress herself—she could write well enough to do *that*. And wouldn't they all be surprised when she diked herself out in that pretty,

flowerdy wish book dress.

Glory smiled above her hoe handle, her mind in a far meander, and all of a sudden she over-reached the next hill of corn and came near whacking Matt's near heel—he was on the row ahead of her.

"Watch out what you're a-doing, Missy! A body would think you meant that lick to addle a copperhead snake."

"I'm mighty-much sorry," Glory said, and to put Matt in a good humor she began to sing, as if to herself, his favorite ballad song, knowing that he would join her in a few moments.

"Tom Bolyn was a poor man born,  
His shoes were ragged, his socks were torn.  
The calf of his leg hung down to his shin,  
But nobody's noddie was Tom Bolyn."

Matt began to whistle as she sang the next verse:

"Tom Bolyn had no britches to wear,  
So he took him a sheepskin and made him a pair.

The wool side out and the skin side in,  
'It's cooler for summer,' says Tom Bolyn."

At the third verse, Matt began to sing with Glory:

"Tom Bolyn bought an old gray mare,  
Her sides were bony, her feet were bare.  
Then away he cantered through thick and thin,

'I'm off for a journey,' says Tom Bolyn."



Matt sighed. "I've got a hankering to go to that Big Sing on Far Side. An all-day singing it's going to be—Noah Webster said so. His folks are going, and Noah asked me to go along with him." Glory sighed, too.

"I wish you could go," she told him. "I wish you could get you a pair of store-boughten shoes."

Matt covered another hill of corn. "I may have 'em—I *may*," he muttered, almost as if he were talking to himself.

Glory pricked up her ears, but asked no questions. Matt had secrets of his own sometimes, and she wasn't one to be nosey. If she waited long enough, she would find out.

Spring hurried on its way, coming up Darksome Hollow with bouquets of redbud and dogwood and wild plum. Mayapple tents were thick in the coves; star root bordered the valley that ran like a ragged ruffle at the foot of Little Twin. Solomon's seal, bloodroot and wild ginger grew in unexpected places.

Glory spent all her spare time hunting wood treasure these days, gathering it and hiding it away. When she had a great heap of herbs gathered, she would take it down to Cross Roads store. The wish book dress was coming true, that flowerdy dress, just as she had planned.

One day she missed the wish book from the shelf where she had put it, and after searching high and low she found it wedged in a chimney crack of the cabin corner where Matt kept all his belongings—clothes, playthings, odds and ends. The wish book, she saw, was folded back to the page which showed all the shiny shoes. Down in the corner was a thumb mark which rested like a shadow above the price mark: \$1.98.

Glory looked and looked. She turned the pages of the wish book over till she came to the picture of the blue flowerdy dress. There were two dreams instead of one inside that book, she was thinking, but she wouldn't let on to her brother that she knew!

A day or so later as she came out of Darksome Hollow with her apron of herbs, she ran into Matt with a poke under his arm. No questions were asked and no explanations were given by either, though they had to walk side by side toward home.

She never ran into Matt again on an herb hunting, but now and then he

disappeared, and she guessed where he had gone. When she saw him start out in one direction, she always took the other.

One day Glory came in from the woods to find Mammy much distressful over Matt.

"He just keeled over when he got in from a wild scramble," she told Glory. "Some kind of a fever he's got, I reckon. He's looked dauncie for a long time."

She made a big brewing of tansy tea, and when he got no better she added spicewood and boneset to the pot and dosed him for a day on that. When she had to leave the cabin she left Glory in charge as nurse, and Glory did her best. She persuaded him to drink the bitter tea out of the black kettle by promising to read the story of Joseph or to sing a ballad to him. Glory had her hands full. Mammy and Grandy had to work in the cornfield these days. There was no time now to hunt herb roots. The wish book gathered dust on the mantel till one day Matt asked to look at it. Glory knew he was feeling better then.

Noah Webster came over one Sunday, wearing a pair of shiny new shoes.

Matt eyed them admiringly. "They look p'int blank like a pair o' wish book shoes!"

"They are," said Noah. "I ordered them to wear to the Big Sing," he added. "It's not far



She turned the pages of the wish book

off now, you know—just a week from today. I wish you could go—maybe you can. You say you feel a sight better.”

Matt looked so woeful that anybody might have thought him worse instead.

“We’ll come by on our way to the Big Sing,” Noah promised, “and see if you want to go along.”

“Much obliged,” was all Matt said.

After Noah had gone home, Matt said to Glory, “I won’t go to the Big Sing barefoot. I had planned to buy a pair o’ shoes—wish book shoes like the ones Noah had. I was gathering herbs for the money—but the handful I have wouldn’t more’n buy shoe-strings—much less shoes.”

His eyes wandered to the cabin wall where a brown tow sack was hanging. Glory looked at it, too, and that very minute the big plan came readymade.

Glory and Matt sat side by side on the steps with Old Barney frisking about and sniffing now and then in a most suspicious way. New smells were in the air. It must

mean that somebody was going away from home.

“Your shoes are a sight to behold,” said Glory. “They’re as pretty as the picture in the wish book and prettier, too!”

Matt wiggled a shiny toe. “They are, certain-sure,” he answered. Then he laughed. “I can’t get over the surprise I had yesterday when Uncle Bildad brought ’em. You could ‘a’ knocked me over with a feather when he handed me that box.”

He wiggled the toe of the other shoe. “And I’m much obliged to you,” he said.

He knew all about Glory’s secret now—how she had saved her herbs to buy a dress; how later she had sold hers and his together and ordered these wish book shoes. “I’m mighty much obliged,” he said.

“Don’t mention it,” Glory replied, not only for good manners, but because she was glad her plan had turned out so well.

Matt went on. “I know,” he told her, “where a sight o’ herbs are a-growing. Come next week, we’ll gather a whole passel and buy you a wish book dress.”



## From a School Bus Window in May

Decorations by Earle Swain

**Y**ELLOW flowers, green trees,  
Blue sky, busy bees,  
Brown earth, green shoots,  
Trout fishermen in red boots,  
Fence posts, orchards in bloom,  
Deep woods filled with gloom,  
Rippling stream, roaring falls,  
High hills, steep walls,  
Birds flying, building nests,  
Ridding the world of insect pests—  
All these things, and more, I see,  
From a school bus window at half past three.

—Doris Cooper, Age 11, 6th grade. Cazenovia  
Central School—New York State Education



# Johnny Appleseed

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Illustrations by Jo Fisher



ON A SPRING day in 1801 the pioneer settlers of Steubenville saw a slender young man drifting down the Ohio River on a boat made of two canoes lashed together. There were shouts from the shore. "Hi there, Johnny! Where you going?"

The young man waved his steering pole. "I'm going to plant apple trees in the western country. I've got a couple of bushels of seeds from cider presses around Pittsburgh."

"Good luck to you, Johnny Appleseed!" the people shouted, "and good luck to your orchards!"

In those days a steady procession of flat-bottomed boats floated down the Ohio, carrying families from the east in search of new homes beyond the Alleghenies. On the boats were piles of household goods and farm implements and at the broad bow there was a pen for chickens and pigs, sometimes even for a cow. The father steered the clumsy craft with a wide-bladed paddle; the mother patched and darned and fashioned caps of rabbit fur or moccasins of deerskin; the children, perched high on bed or table, shouted with delight at every fresh bend of the mysterious river. Sometimes the flatboat would tie up for the night near a settler's cabin, and as the two families shared their supper they would exchange news. Then someone would speak of the young man from New England, Jonathan Chapman by name, who had planted an apple orchard on a hill near Pittsburgh. All travelers had seen his beautiful trees, pink and white clouds in spring and full of fruit in autumn. There were no orchards on this western side of the mountains and the settlers often thought longingly of the trees that had supplied them so bountifully with fruit in their faraway eastern homes.

"Johnny Appleseed talks of planting fruit trees all through this country," the man from the flatboat would say.

"He's a dreamer," the owner of the cabin would answer. "Orchards need a lot of care, and folks along the river have to give all their time to growing wheat and corn."

Young Jonathan Chapman knew quite well

how hard those settlers had to work to feed their families. He had given some of his apple seeds to travelers to plant in their new homes in the west and many of these people had later sent him messages, telling him how the saplings had been mildewed by damp soil, parched by drought or destroyed by underbrush fires. Yet he had a dream and he was determined to make it come true. As he watched the never-ending stream of pioneers move resolutely westward, he knew that some day that wilderness country would be a land of fertile farms and prosperous towns. But that land would lack orchards unless someone planted and tended fruit trees. He had no family dependent on him; he was free to make that work his own; and so he set forth with his leather bags of seeds on a mission that was to last as long as he lived.

Steubenville lay behind him but the kindly shouts of "Good luck, Johnny Appleseed!" were still ringing in his ears when he landed two miles below the settlement and sought a likely place for his first orchard. The soil was soft and easy to free from weeds and seedlings. With his hatchet he chopped away the roots of thorny bushes and small trees; with hoe and rake he cleared a wide space on a hillside that drained west to the river, dug a series of rows of trenches, put in the apple seeds and covered them with loose earth. Around his planting he built a barrier of stakes and brush to keep off animals and marked its location by blazes on the trees along the stream so that he might know the place when he should return later to transplant and prune his saplings.

Along the Ohio and up Licking Creek he made similar plantings in sheltered spots; then left his canoes with a riverman and set out by a wilderness trail for Zanesville, where there was a stockade around a mill, a forge and a handful of cabins. He traveled light. His outfit was a rifle and a pack on his back in which were a bag of seeds, a hatchet, a rake, a hoe, a coil of rope, fishing-tackle, a bag of meal, a lump of salt, a small sum of money and a well-worn Bible.

There were no cabins along that road, but



there were bears, panthers and timber-wolves. There were also many Indians who still ranged their ancient hunting-grounds in the country between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. Johnny fed on fish and hoe-cakes cooked at a fire lighted by flint and steel. Sometimes he slept in the open, sometimes in a cave with a palisade of sticks and rope to protect him from wild animals. Here and there he planted his apple seeds in favorable places and notched the trees to serve as a guide. Then one day he came on a wounded Indian, gave him water to drink, bandaged his wound, made a litter of poles and brush and on this dragged him to the camp of his tribe. The Indians were grateful to him and from that day there began a friendship between the roving tribesmen and Johnny Appleseed that was to stand him in good stead in after times.

Warm was his welcome at Zanesville when he told the settlers his mission. He dug his furrows inside the stockade, put in his seeds, and instructed the people how to care for the young trees, and in the science of transplanting, budding and grafting. Then he paddled down the Muskingum River to Marietta on the Ohio, where word of his planting had already reached the town.

Some greeted him as Jonathan Chapman, but more called him Johnny Appleseed, a nickname that delighted him. In every cabin he was made welcome; also in the great house that the rich Harman Blennerhassett had built on an island in the Ohio. When he had started his orchards along the river all Marietta begged him to stay; but Johnny shook his head. He had much more work to do before the wild geese went honking south.

He followed the seasons back and forth between east and west. In autumn he would return to the cider presses of Pennsylvania, wash the seeds from the fruit pulp, sort them, select the best, dry and pack them in his leather bags. To gain a long planting season he would be on his travels west before spring, visiting his earlier plantings, weeding out some trees, pruning others, helping the settlers to win orchards for themselves. In summer he wandered far and wide, seeking pioneer towns in order that he might grace those towns with the flowers and fruit of his favorite Russets and Greenings, Spies and Pippins.



Through the night he rode, shouting his news at every cabin

The Indians now spoke of "Johnny Appleseed Moon" when he came to their camps, and looked on him as a great medicine man, for he brought them the seeds of various plants—catnip, rattlesnake weed, horehound, pennyroyal—that they used as herbs of healing. For ten years there was comparative peace in the Ohio country and Johnny went on with his mission. Then in 1812 the clouds of war again darkened the frontier settlements.

One August day, as he was riding along the southern shore of Lake Erie near Sandusky, he saw a fleet of canoes approach and learned that the United States garrison at Detroit had surrendered to British troops and their Indian allies. Many of the Indians had been restive all that summer and Johnny knew that word of this victory would set the more excitable to raiding the settlements from the Great Lakes to the Ohio. Galloping to the post at Sandusky, he volunteered to ride to army headquarters at Mt. Vernon to get the help of soldiers for distant villages and farms. Through the night he rode, shouting his news at every cabin, rousing the dwellers to make haste to the nearest stockade. Halting but briefly at Mt. Vernon, he was off again on a fresh horse. Over trails long familiar to him he dashed on, giving the alarm; and many

days later, on foot, haggard and starving, he led a company of refugee men, women and children to the well-defended walls of Marietta.

In the war that followed in the Ohio country the flames from burning cabins destroyed many of the young orchards that Johnny had planted and others perished from neglect, since the settlers who had cared for them had all fled to the larger towns. When peace came Johnny set forth again with his bags of seeds. Now he went on longer journeys, for the stream of pioneers, passing through Ohio, were building homesteads in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

He did not have to carry his seeds from Pennsylvania now; he could get them from the cider-mills that had been built near the flourishing orchards he had planted years before at Chillicothe and towns in the Muskingum Valley country. Wiry of frame and inured to every sort of hardship, he was tireless as ever as he crossed the plains of northern Indiana, where buffalo still roamed. Sometimes he traveled alone on foot; sometimes he rode with pioneer families in their canvas-covered wagons; sometimes he joined bands of mounted Indians seeking new hunting-grounds across the Mississippi. He planted seeds along the Wabash River, in the fields around "Mad Anthony's" blockhouse at Fort Wayne, above the beaches of Lake Michigan, where French-Canadian priests beautified their missions with apple orchards.

Then in the winter of 1831 came colder weather and more snow-storms than the oldest settler in the western country ever remembered. Johnny traveled south from Lake Michigan on snowshoes to visit his orchards. In the long stretches of country between towns there were few houses where a traveler could take refuge from the bitter wind and whirling snow. Landmarks had vanished; hungry wolves howled; cattle froze in the fields. Once his feet were frostbitten and he could barely reach a cabin, where he had to stay for days before he could go on. Everywhere his orchards were buried deep in snow. So he joined relief parties that carried food from the towns to snow-beleaguered cabins where people were starving, helped to care for the sick, brought in firewood, searched for men lost in the drifts as they sought succor for their families.

Not until late in the spring did the snow cease falling and then the rivers and creeks rose in floods that swept away cabins, cattle and many orchards that Johnny had planted. Some of them did miraculously survive, but much of his work must be done again. So Johnny Appleseed, although his black hair was now streaked with gray and his shoulders stooped with the weight of his bags and his years, packed fresh seeds at the cider-mills and was off on a new journey.

As after the year of the Indian raids, so after the winter of the great storms, the mid-western country bloomed again. From Sandusky, Johnny crossed the lake by a freight-boat to Detroit, where he saw the home-seekers by scores and hundreds pushing on still farther west. They would settle on the great prairies beyond the Mississippi, and Johnny gave them apple seeds to plant beside their rolling fields of wheat and grass.

So for years on the track of the pioneers, back and forth, went this man whose mission in age was the same as in youth. Careless as to appearance, he usually wore short ragged trousers and a shirt made of a coffee sack with holes cut for his head and arms. On his feet were tattered moccasins, and it is

*(Continued on page 23)*





He must have been a favorite with his people

**T**HERE are no schools back in the wild places of East Africa, and there are no stores where you can buy candy and toys. Maybe you feel that you could do very well without school, but how about doing without sweets, playthings, books, motion pictures and the radio? I have met many native children in East Africa, twelve to fourteen years old, even older, who had never seen or heard of these things. Yet they were happy.

One morning, my wife and I were walking through wild country on the lookout for lions that we had heard roaring in the night. As we came near some brown hills, with bush-choked valleys between that looked like good hiding places for lions, we met some Masai (Ma-sigh) children with their flocks of calves, goats and sheep.

This vast stretch of wild veld-country is the home of the Masai tribe. Always warlike, they still cling to their old ways of living and refuse to copy the white man's ways. Unlike other tribes about Kilimanjaro Mountain,

## Little Neighbors to the Lion

WALTER J. WILWERDING

Illustrations by the Author

they do not raise crops of vegetables and grain, nor do they have banana plantations. They live chiefly on their large flocks of sheep, goats and humped cattle, going from place to place for the best grazing.

The three Masai children that we met were dressed as any children of that tribe might have dressed a hundred or more years ago. The two boys had their heads shaved, except for a single wisp of long hair that grew, like a scalp lock, from the top of the head. Their ears were pierced and they had plugs of wood and trinkets sticking through the lobes. A piece of soft-tanned skin was thrown over the left shoulder and then draped about the body, leaving the right shoulder and arm free for action, for these lads carried spears. I was surprised to see the older of the two proudly carrying the long "white" spear of the warrior. He must have been a favorite with his people. The white spear has a very long blade, a short, wooden shaft and a long, pointed iron butt, so the spear can be thrust into the ground. It is called "white" because the soft iron is kept polished like silver.

The little girl with the two boys was apparently their sister. Her head was shaved and she wore a one-piece garment made of soft, dark brown leather; maybe a goat skin. It was trimmed with colored beads. The coils of polished iron wire wound around one leg from the ankle to the knee caused her to limp.

It was not easy to guess the age of these children, as East Africans grow fast and look older than they are. The boys looked about eleven and thirteen. The girl might have been nine or ten.

When they saw us, the boys walked up to greet us, while the girl hung behind. As I was carrying a rifle, they took me for a warrior, and each boy laid his head against my left shoulder, while I placed my right hand on his head.

I luckily knew of this custom which is supposed to be a blessing, so when they grow up they will have some of the white man's prowess. It is a strange custom, for the Masai do not believe that the white man has more courage than they. They say, "The white man did not conquer us through greater



courage, but only with his more tricky weapons."

We tried to talk to the Masai children in the Swahili (Swah-heé-ly) dialect, which most East Africans understand, but they laughed and shook their heads to indicate that they "did not hear us." Then they called another boy who was so small that when he stood behind the calves he was hidden from our sight. His head was not shaven, and he wore a spotted goat skin, thrown about him like a cape. The Masai boys had called this little fellow over to interpret for us. He was little, but clever. He could talk Swahili, Masai and his own native Wadschagga (Wad-chag-ah). It developed that he was a Wadschagga from Kilimanjaro Mountain whose glistening cap of ice and snow reared skyward to the east of us. He told us that he had hired out to the Masai to help herd cattle. Proudly, but bashfully, he said that at the end of a year he would receive a cow in payment for his work. It was hard to believe that this little fellow was already working to obtain a herd of cattle, which is the pride of every African native. There, a man is considered wealthy or poor according to the number of cows he owns. He may have been small for his age, but he did not look over eight or nine years old.

Through our interpreter, we talked to the Masai children. They chatted freely, showing none of the bashfulness that he did. They

told us that they had seen a lion on one of the brown hills just before we had met them. I asked whether they would spear the lion if he attacked their flocks. They laughed and shrugged their shoulders. A Masai will not admit that he is afraid of anything. I once asked the same question of two little Wapare (Wah-pa-ray) boys who were herding cattle near the Ruvu River. One answered, in surprise, "Oh! Simba is very fierce!" He did not say so, but his tone of voice said plainly, "What would you expect a little boy like me to do about that?" But the Masai boys only

**When the hippopotami came the boy would pound on a drum or blow a horn**



laughed at my question. I thought they laughed a bit uneasily, though.

I asked the oldest boy to sell his spear to me, but he said, "I cannot sell it, as I need it for the war-dance. If I came home without it, my father would be angry with me." I let it go at that, for I have often asked natives to sell their weapons to me and have been refused. If they are in their own village or kraal, they will at times sell their weapons, but not when they are out in the wild. They fear they might meet a lion or other wild beast on the way home and be without means of defending themselves.

This country was full of wild animals of all kinds. As we stood talking to the children, we could look about in all directions and see wild animals. There were giraffes, zebras, gnus, hartebeest, impalla, gazelles and ostriches scattered all about on the veld. We knew there were lions, leopards and hyenas in the ravines between the hills. These children saw the veld animals every day and at night they often went to sleep with lions roaring all about the manyatta, as they call their kraals or villages.

We were out to take motion pictures that day, so we took some pictures of the four children. They were all excited about the black box that made a buzzing sound when I aimed it at them. The little girl tried to hide behind her brothers. The Wadschagga boy hid his face in his goat skin. The Masai boys may have been afraid, but they stood bravely facing the camera and would not show fear. Many East Africans are afraid of the camera lens, thinking it is an evil eye. Brave warriors sometimes hid behind trees when we tried to take their pictures. We gave the children some safety-pins and copper coins, with which they were delighted. The pins they hung from their ears like ear-rings.

They were herding their flocks toward a river, far from their manyatta. It would take them from early morning until evening to make the round trip. The flocks grazed on the way to the water and also on the stretch homeward. Later in the afternoon, they had to keep their flocks moving faster so they would reach their manyatta before the lions, leopards and hyenas were abroad.

Usually, the warriors of the tribe met the herds on the return in the evening. They stood about, leaning on their shining spears, to guard the herds against any early-hunting wild beasts. These warriors were tall, strong and afraid of nothing on earth. They braided their hair and smeared themselves with red paint from head to foot. Each had a straight sword and a war-club stuck into his belt.

The boys wanted to grow up to be warriors like these and fight lions that came to steal cattle. Now, they were learning how to take care of cattle, by first herding the smaller ones. While the animals grazed, the boys practiced throwing their spears at imaginary lions.

As we left them, the children waved gaily to us. Even when we were far away, they turned to wave at us from a distance. In their happy, carefree way, they were little different from children in other lands.

The next day, we visited their manyatta and the oldest boy brought his father to meet me. His father shook hands and consented to the sale of the boy's spear. That is how I happen to have it now, for it hangs on my studio wall as I write about these children. I never look at it without thinking of them. I suppose the boy bought a better spear with

the money I gave him. There are special spear-makers in these tribes, who make these and other weapons and sell them or trade them to their tribesmen.

When native African children are very small, they play about the hut and are carefully watched over by their parents and older children who already are helping with the work of herding domestic animals, or doing work in the garden if they belong to an agricultural tribe. So they learn how to take care of their flocks, how to raise vegetables, corn, peanuts and bananas. They learn how to dig irrigation ditches from the rivers to their gardens, how to build huts, how to weave baskets and fish-traps. They watch their elders make beehives of short, hollow pieces of log, which are hung in trees so wild bees will store honey in them. Honey is their one real sweet.

Boys who wish to become hunters watch the hunters build traps for birds and animals and

*(Continued on page 17)*



The bashful Wadschagga interpreter

## In Sweden



Top, playing a rope game at the North European Junior Conference in Stockholm. Above, a scene in the Swedish countryside. The children are wearing costumes native to the country. Above, right, a Swedish Maypole presented to the American Junior Red Cross, on exhibition at National Headquarters. It is a Swedish peasant custom to dance around the pole on Midsummer Eve. Right, a picturesque cottage in the north of Sweden, with an old-fashioned well at the side.





# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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## The Junior Red Cross Matters

IN THIS time of war and catastrophe, there is something in the world that wasn't there in the Great War of 1914-1918. It is the Junior Red Cross of the world. And the Junior Red Cross matters, for it is taking its part with the senior members of the Red Cross in helping the victims of war. In this issue of the NEWS and in those that have gone before are reports of how fellow-members in this country and in other lands have been living up to their responsibilities. It was expected that they would. It is expected that they will continue to do so.

We think you will be interested in this letter from Mr. Georges Milsom, Director of the Junior Red Cross Section of the League of Red Cross Societies:

"Today the Red Cross finds itself faced with heavy responsibilities on every side, and its task is immense. The Juniors should take their share of this task according to their capacities, knowing that their comrades in other countries are obeying the same call to service.

"The Junior Red Cross sections, I am sure, will know how to rise above difficulties and fulfill valiantly their obligation to humanity.

"It is important that, under the circum-

stances and because of the work that they have set out to accomplish, the Juniors everywhere maintain their contact with their friends in other lands. The international school correspondence will continue to go on. It will be perhaps difficult and sometimes even impossible, because of the war, to make exchanges with certain countries, but no effort will be spared to avoid all useless delay and all interruption in forwarding.

"I should like to say to each Junior: The Red Cross, your country and the whole world count upon your devotion. Your presence beside them will be a comfort and a valued support to all those of your elders who are lending their aid to the Red Cross. Thus you will help them to guard their hope for the future and to prove that in the course of its twenty years of existence, the Junior Red Cross has known how to create a reserve force of inestimable value to the Red Cross and to humanity."

## More About Swallows

IN THE MARCH issue of the NEWS we printed the often-told story of the swallows of the San Juan Capistrano Mission in California. Now, that story is really more or less of a legend, based on the truly remarkable fact that birds do tend to return, year after year and at about the same time, to the same region. But from the way we told the story, you might certainly think it an established fact that these swallows always come to the Mission on a certain day in March and always leave it on a certain day in October. And so we are printing here part of a letter giving the facts on the subject from Mrs. Harriet William Myers, president of the California Audubon Society:

"The article about the Capistrano swallows in a recent issue of your magazine was called to my attention, and I am writing to say that there is nothing mysterious about their comings and goings—that they migrate as do other swallows, and that they do not go on the twenty-third of October nor return on the nineteenth of March. I have watched their movements at the old Mission for many years, and have never seen one of these birds there so late as October twenty-third. They have been seen to go in September, which is as late as these birds stay, anywhere."

SUPPOSE you do not like a man—is that anything against him? It may be something against you.—Chinese saying.

# Overseas Mail

FROM BELKOFSKI, ALASKA

**W**E ARE Aleuts. We live on the Alaskan Peninsula and on the Aleutian Islands. The Aleut people are supposed to have come from the mainland of North America after they came from Asia. They must have been island people. The wild Aleuts made the best boats in the world. They made these boats out of sealskin and bearskin. We have two skin boats here. Years ago there were about twenty. The people could go as far as Canada. They lived in mud houses called barabaras. They were hunters. They wore skin clothes. They dried fish and meat for winter. They used spears for hunting. They made their spears out of bone.

In summer our fathers go fishing and our mothers often work in the fish cannery.

We seine fish in the river or in the ocean. We dry fish. We smoke them and salt them. We have all kinds of fish in our sea. We have seal, sea lions, whale, walrus, and many other animals in our sea.

We have lots of fine weather and sunshine. It rains—sometimes it rains half a day and stops.

We go after some salmon berries and moss berries and cook them. After we cook them we put them in jars and put them away for the winter.

I watched my sister and my brother when my mother was working in the cannery. I stayed home and cooked for my mother. My father went to Pribilof Islands to do seal work. Here is a little geography lesson for you. Look up the Pribilof Islands, and see for yourself where they are. It takes four days to go over there in a government boat from Belkofski.—Sophie Serebinskoff.

FROM BRITISH EVACUÉES

I AM one of the thousands of girls and boys evacuated from the big cities in



Botticelli's famous *Three Graces* represent the friendship between North, Central, and South America on a new three-cent stamp

England and Scotland. My home is in the huge city of Glasgow on the west coast of Scotland. I go to the Glasgow High School for Girls and there are about eleven hundred students in it. I do not like the center part of Glasgow, for the streets are packed and the air is hot and stuffy with smoke from factory chimneys and house chimneys, and the busy railway stations. Away from the central part, where I live, it is not so bad. There is plenty of room to walk in the streets, and most of the houses have small garden plots at front and back. Owing to the war, I am away from home staying with some friends on their farm in the village of Fowlis Easter near Dundee. I like staying on the farm very much, especially when we are allowed to go out

to the "steading" amongst the animals or to help with the sheep or cattle. I have learned to milk a cow, and during the time when the potato crop was being brought in I helped to lift the potatoes. Even better than that I like going to the school. We have given a benefit for British soldiers and at the same time made a good collection for Finnish war sufferers.

It is dark at night here and unless there is a moon it is very difficult to see your way about. The scarcity of flashlights makes the blackout worse. The batteries go out of the shops as fast as they come in.

Every month the air-raid sirens go off in Dundee—our nearest big town—seven miles away, and very often the searchlights play their powerful beams about the sky. This is the only sign that anything is happening that we have had, except once, when a warning went off in Dundee during the potato time. Of course, the rationing of sugar, butter, bacon, ham, petrol, oil, etc., is being felt, but not nearly as sorely as it might well be yet.

I will be very sorry indeed when I have to return to Glasgow, for I would rather be in the country and at Fowlis School than any other.—June Dempster.

I AM going to join the Red Cross. I am willing to help to knit. I am an evacué sent to Fowlis for safety. Though I would rather be in Dundee, this is quite a good place to me. I live down the road where there is a shop and several hen runs. My father is on a ship and my mother is a warden. She sits and waits for an air-raid warning to clear the streets and sound the alarm. My father bakes and cooks for the crew on a big ship. We are having a party on Wednesday in school. We are also having a raffle for a football to give to the soldiers. At the party we are going to sing and dance.—James Lindsay.

As you all know, American Juniors sent Christmas greetings and small boxes of Christmas gifts to children in the countries affected by the European war. Juniors of Albany High School, Albany, New York, received this letter from England:

WE THANK you ever so much for your kind thoughts. We got your cards at a party given to us by the staff of our school.

On September first, we were evacuated. We had to be in school by 7:30 A. M., and all the boys and girls were excited. When we were at last on the train we felt tired and excited, and all wondered where we were going. We arrived at last at Newhaven, where we were met by some Boy Scouts who helped some of the youngest children with their cases.

In the Station Road School we were each given a bottle of milk and a bag of food. At first we had no school and had to go about with our teachers for walks. It was very interesting to see all the things that we had learned about in London alive and real.

The beach at Peacehaven is very rocky and we sometimes go out with the teachers to find winkles. We have had some very exciting days here on the South Downs.

After a month or two we went to school for half a day, but are now going to school all day. The school consists of two tin huts about as big as our hall in London, and they stand on legs.

We have no Junior Red Cross secretary for our school down here but we are going to vote for one. Not all our members are down here, but we have some boys enrolled. The teachers are now teaching us to knit.—Hannah Wilkinson.

#### FROM ARGENTINA

IT IS with great pleasure that we are



Gaucha costumes which came with the correspondence from Buenos Aires

sending this album dedicated to our good and kind young friends of the Red Cross of the Benjamin Funk School in Shirley, Illinois. Your beautiful album gave us an opportunity to begin a friendship with children of distant and beautiful lands and with this album and letter goes the wish that our mutual friendship and interest will continue.

Our school is situated in a small town in the province of Tucuman, and about ten kilometers from Buenos Aires. This town is called "Los Aguirre" and it presents a truly picturesque sight, due to the large areas of sugarcane plantations and orange groves.

Tucuman was called the "Garden of the Republic" by the great Argentine teacher, Domingo Faustino Sarmiento. It offers its lands for every type of cultivation but particularly for sugarcane, rice, tobacco, corn, cotton and lemon trees.

We, the children of Escuela Number 3 in Buenos Aires, have received with great emotion and happiness the friendly invitation to form a close spiritual collaboration.

While within our classes and without having to leave our sun-bathed classrooms, we have satisfied our curiosity concerning your city of Chattanooga, in the beautiful valley of the Tennessee River.

We know a great deal about your country and more than once the cinema has shown your marvelous woods and meadows and



enabled us to visualize your cities as well.

We know less about you, yourselves.

Our own beloved city is very extensive, one of the most extensive in the world. It is on the banks of the great Plata River. It has asphalt streets, magnificently illuminated, and its buildings are modern and equipped with up-to-date conveniences. Large well-planned parks, gardens and lakes lend their color. It has big factories and educational institutions, and children from all countries play happily here with our children.

The lines of communication connecting our capital with the interior of the country are numerous and the roads are magnificent.

We shall be very happy if some day you will come and visit us and in the meanwhile be assured of our constant cooperation in this pleasant correspondence.—The "Onesimo Le-guizemon School."

#### FROM AUSTRALIA

Dear Friends in Hibbing, Minnesota:

On Monday, the ninth of October, forty boys from schools in and about Melbourne went to Phillip Island, a sanctuary for koalas, to have what might have been called a working holiday. Between Monday and Friday, the boys helped to plant some of the thousands of young gum trees sent to the island by Victorian schools. The trees are to supply food for our little koalas.

It is hoped that further plantings of food trees will be made during next autumn in other parts of our state.

The sale of the little ninepenny book, "Round the World with Billy Bear," is one of the ways in which money is raised to pay the cost of carrying the trees.—Malvern State School 1604, Melbourne.

## Little Neighbors to the Lion

*(Continued from page 12)*

help them at this work. The spear-makers and other artisans learn their trades from their parents by helping at this work from an early age. These trades are usually passed on from a father to his sons. So the children learn the things that are necessary for their lives in the wilderness and they usually learn them well.

In the Ruvu jungle, the Wapare natives had a village not far from our camp. They had beautifully tended gardens and immense plantations of bananas. The jungle all about this village was full of monkeys and baboons. The Ruvu River was alive with hippopotami. There were wart-hogs, bushbucks, reedbucks and any number of other beasts and birds that were always ready to raid the gardens. The flocks had to be guarded against lions, leopards and hyenas. Someone had to be on guard at every time of the day and night, or the natives would have had nothing left to eat.

To guard against the hippopotami, which raided the garden at night and ate everything in sight that they did not trample, the natives built watch-towers. These were small huts set high on poles, that looked like native huts on stilts. Between the high poles, underneath the hut, a fire was built. We sometimes visited with the guards as they were preparing their evening meal over the fire. Each watchtower was occupied by a man and a boy. They spent the night in the little hut. When the

hippopotami came bellowing and grunting, the boy would pound on a drum or blow on a horn made of the horn of some animal. They also threw sticks and stones at the big animals. While we were camped there, we often heard drumming, horn-blowing and shouting during the night. A few times I sat up with my rifle to help the natives drive away the hippopotami.

When morning came, the monkeys, baboons and birds were ready to raid the gardens and then the smaller children helped their mothers drive them away.

Every day two little boys brought us fresh milk from this village and the girls brought bananas and vegetables to our camp. We paid them with East African coppers and gave them presents of little mirrors and safety-pins. They were always pleased with a present of an empty bottle or tin can. Presents of sewing needles delighted the girls.

I am very fond of these people. I lived with them, worked with them, attended to their ills and endured the hardships and perils of the trail with them. They live happy lives and are clever. From little children, they learn how to obtain their food, make their clothing and build their huts. If you had to raise all the food you eat, make all the things you wear and use, and build the house you live in, do you think you could do it? I know some native children in East Africa who know how.

# Junior Red Cross News

Your National Children's Fund has served for twenty years as the approved avenue for financial assistance by youth of this country for children at home and abroad. Planned and approved by educators, administered by the American Red Cross, this fund with its notable record of service stands today as the agency through which Junior Red Cross members may give assistance to children who are in great need because of war.



Christmas boxes for Polish refugees being packed in the Stevens School, Philadelphia

**T**HE League of Red Cross Societies asked members of the Junior Red Cross in the United States for special assistance for children in Finland. Immediately, on March 16, the National Children's Fund allotted \$3,000 for relief of the Finnish children. Your National Headquarters felt sure that this action would be approved by members who have contributed to the Fund.

The National Children's Fund is your way to help children at home and abroad when there is need for money from Junior Red Cross members to help on a national or international scale. Since American Junior Red Cross members may not use the name or the symbol of the Red Cross to collect money for any other agency or program, it is clear that you should make your contributions through this approved and long established Fund of your own.

In this way your money goes through the efficient and approved channels of the Red Cross and is spent under the direction of experts at the place where it can be the most helpful.

The N. C. F. was responsible for much happiness among children at Christmas time, for it paid transportation charges on nearly 40,000 Christmas boxes. The great majority were distributed among refugee children in Europe, although the usual number went to China, Japan, Alaska, Samoa, the Philippines and the Virgin Islands.

We have just received a letter from Mr. Dronsart, Director General of the Belgian Red Cross, in which he says that "More than ever your

kind gesture is appreciated." The same message was sent in the name of all J. R. C. societies by Mr. Georges Milsom, Director of the Junior Red Cross Section of the League of Red Cross Societies. The Belgian Junior Red Cross, by the way, is one of the societies which sends to fellow-members in America small gifts and albums to express appreciation of the Christmas boxes. This year, because of increased postage rates and the risk of transportation, letters will have to be sent instead. "Our school population is suffering enormously from the very heavy expenses of mobilization," Mr. Dronsart wrote.

While the Fund, through the Christmas boxes, was doing its share toward making children in war-torn countries forget their troubles for a bit, a frightful disaster came to Albany, Georgia. Within a few minutes

after a tornado struck the town, eighteen people had been killed, more than three hundred were injured, and property damage passed the half million mark. In a city of 22,000 population, 800 families applied to the Red Cross for help in getting back to normal life. One of the buildings destroyed was the local children's clinic, and the demand on the townspeople for funds has been so great that replacing the equipment at the clinic seemed an impossible task, though there was no difficulty in securing suitable housing. Because Junior Red Cross members have continued their support of the National Children's Fund, it was possible to send \$600 at once to Red Cross workers in Albany. New equipment will be purchased, and soon the clinic will be ready to help the children of the community. Once more the fund "for children by children" can report a need well met.

IN JANUARY, the Belgian Red Cross launched a drive for aid to Finland, and through the length and breadth of the land, Junior Red Cross members cheerfully underwent a "Week of Privation." They gave up some dish at mealtime, or a trip to the movies, or a paper or magazine they were in the habit of buying, or walked instead of taking a street car or bus, or went without candy or some other treat, so as to turn over the money to help the children of Finland. The sum contributed by Junior members to the Belgian Red Cross was important, 1,122,024 francs, an amount which could give considerable help to Finnish children. But still more important, says Mr. Picalausa, editor of the Belgian J. R. C. magazine, was "the example of national and international solidarity, the example of pure and shining morale, given to the entire world by our fine and generous youth."

This is but one phase of the work for war relief being carried on by the Belgian Juniors—they are knitting for soldiers, and taking special interest in the children of men who have been mobilized. Those too young to knit or sew have helped to collect gifts and money so as to supply wool and materials. Books have been sent to men on the fron-

tier. Twenty-one gayly painted panels illustrating scenes from Belgian folk lore were made by Juniors of a school in Schaerbeek and sent for use on the walls of the military hospital in Brussels.

In December, Junior and Senior Red Cross members combined on a huge movie benefit in Brussels. More than a thousand people were present and many had to be turned away for lack of seats. The sum of 13,000 francs which was realized was set aside for the benefit of the thousand patients in the military hospital. Delightful entertainments were given in the hospital at Christmas time.

JUNIOR and Senior Red Cross members of New Castle, Pennsylvania, worked together, too, on a large undertaking for war relief on Lincoln's birthday. The Production Committee of the Chapter needed money to buy the materials for the many New Castle volunteers eager to knit and make warm garments for war victims, especially for the Poles and Finns. The J. R. C. offered to do its part by putting on a Finnish-Polish program.

In New Castle there are many people with Polish background, as well as a group whose ancestors came from Finland. "A musical pageant on Polish folk lore" was given by young people of Polish ancestry of the St. Phillip and St. James Catholic Church, and the Finnish part of the program told about



Evacuated Finnish children, labeled for identification, on their way to Stockholm





Westport, Conn., members in an entertainment given to raise money

"The life and character of the Finnish people by chorus and vocal and instrumental solos." Jan Sibelius' beautiful "Finlandia" was considered "the theme of this presentation." Flags of Finland and Poland were made by Junior Red Cross members for display in the entertainment hall along with the emblems of the United States and of the Red Cross. The pageant was to be given in the auditorium of the Junior High School, but it soon became plain that this would not be large enough. Civic organizations and city officials lent a hand and arranged for the use of the auditorium of the Scottish Rite building, the biggest in town. The power company lent its lighting services and the stage hands gave theirs, too. For twelve days the local paper gave front page prominence to the event; theaters flashed news of it on their screens; the radio station called attention to it for a week in advance. On February 10, the Mayor of New Castle issued a proclamation commending the pageant and asking the cooperation of the citizens.

Junior members sold tickets and secured enough advertising for the program to pay its cost and leave \$150 over for their Service Fund. At the matinee every one of the 3,000 seats was taken. Most of them were occupied by elementary school children who had been given a holiday from school to attend, and they had to pay only ten cents for admission. Tickets were much more for the evening performance but that didn't discourage a big at-

tendance. The check-room girls gave their profits. Firemen and policemen gave their "day off." The Polish Consul at Pittsburgh and the Finnish Vice Consul at Ashtabula, Ohio, were guests and they were welcomed by the Red Cross Motor Corps upon arrival in New Castle. Each heard his national anthem played by the WPA orchestra as he entered the hall.

The ushers were Juniors in Polish and Finnish costumes. Before the main entertainment started there were songs and accordion music in the lobby where there was a Polish food sale which cleared almost a hundred dollars. The grand total

realized through all this community cooperation was more than thirteen hundred dollars.

On the same evening the Boy Scouts were giving their annual dinner in the dining room of the Scottish Rite building. A thousand guests were expected and this might seriously have affected attendance at the pageant. But the Scouts cut their own program short and urged everyone to go to the J. R. C. entertainment.

IN MERCER, Pennsylvania, schools Junior Red Cross members decided to give up their annual custom of sending valentines to each other. Instead, they placed the money they would have spent on commercial valentines into handmade ones, and the money was sent to the National Children's Fund.

MONTHS AGO, sixth-graders in the Edward Smith Junior High School, Syracuse, New York, learned to knit squares for afghans to go to Spanish refugee children. Now interest has spread throughout the school and the Juniors, boys as well as girls, "knit before school, at lunch hour, and in every available minute."

PUPILS in the public school of Vert-Saint-Denis par Casson, France, gave up school excursions and spent the money thus saved in packages for soldiers at the front. Refugee children who went down to the middle of France from danger zones in Alsace and





Above, sixth-grade pupils of the Hibbard School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, knitting for Finnish refugees. Left, Junior Red Cross members of Harrison, New York, exhibit a patchwork quilt they made for an old ladies' home.



Right, making favors for a hospital at the Friends School in Washington, D. C. Below, members of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, put on a Japanese operetta, "O Cho San," for World Good Will Day (see note on page 23).



Lorraine, were supplied with shoes, stockings and toys at Christmas time by French Juniors. Mothers were sent wool, too, to be knit into garments for the children. Books, playing cards, dominoes and puzzles have been supplied for soldiers not on active duty who find time hanging heavily on their hands.

While the girls in France are knitting, the boys undertake the collection of funds. One wrote from a village in Savoie:

"Our village is not very large. There are only fifteen school children, so we decided to go out into the surrounding community. . . . There were two of us: one signed the receipts while the other took over the collections. It was Sunday, there was lots of snow; but we braved that, since it was for the Junior Red Cross. . . . We hope to send in another check in the course of the winter, although our people are not very rich. . . ."

When word came from some officers that they needed certain medical supplies, emergency kits were packed with iodine, alcohol, surgical dressings, absorbent cotton, bandages and the like and dispatched quickly to the front. Some groups have "adopted" one or more soldiers; others have asked to be allowed to help babies and small children among the refugees from Alsace and Lorraine. Many have asked that their correspondence be not interrupted and have sent messages to schools in Austria, Poland and Czechoslovakia with which they had had exchanges.

THE CENTRAL School at Broughton, by Biggar, Scotland, wrote to Lomond School, Cleveland, Ohio:

"We thoroughly enjoyed receiving your excellent portfolio and letters. We never expected that the world would be in such a state by the time we replied to yours. All our older brothers are now away fighting, and the place seems almost deserted. We have adopted a mine sweeper at our school, and we knit helmets (with earphones), scarves, pullovers and special long sea-boot stockings for the men. We must not tell which sweeper it is,



The Junior Red Cross program does not stop when school closes in the spring. Many groups enjoy summer activities. These boys and girls are from Philadelphia, Pa.

but it is rather exciting to think that we can do our bit of Red Cross work in real earnest now. Of course we knit and sew for others."

AS A special J. R. C. project, Bywood School of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, had a bazaar and sold small articles which they had made in school. With the money, they sent seven children to camp for two weeks.

ARTS and crafts, folk dancing, first aid, nature study, model airplane building—these are among the things which are taught at Red Cross Headquarters in New Orleans where the Junior Red Cross carries on its summer program. Marionettes which were made last year—two complete puppet shows—were used for entertainments at homes for children and old people. Along with their study of folk dancing, which is taught as a part of the J. R. C. program of world friendship, the students learned much about the costume, customs and music of other lands.

SCARCELY a community these days that does not plan some sort of international program for World Good Will Day, May 18th. In an album to Hungary, the Garfield School of East Chicago, Indiana, reported that a group of eighth-grade girls decided upon the "Magic Teapot" as the symbol of friendship. Starting with the rhyme, "Magic Teapot, let

me see, The country where we wish to be," the Garfield Juniors described their program:

"We tried to choose countries representing all parts of the world. Most of the countries were represented in our school. A class of girls demonstrated First Aid in Peru. Croatia entertained crippled children. Two of the entertainers were a brother and sister who played a duet on guitars. England gave a Maypole dance and crowned the queen. Singing crickets were used in the festival scene in Italy; an accordion player from another school played the Italian Street Song. Hungarian boys and girls performed a Hungarian folk dance. Juniors representing New Zealand showed how members there help at the clinics. A Japanese group performed their physical education exercises. A group of pictures of 'stick men' in an old copy of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS showed us how to plan this. The program closed with an international party."

All of the scenes used in the backdrops were taken from pictures published in the school correspondence features of the News.

SPRINGTIME in Japan is celebrated with some of the gayest festivals of the year, the Feast of Dolls for the girls in March, and the Boys' Festival in May. With this background, J. R. C. members of the F. A. Bregy School at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, presented a Japanese operetta, "O Cho San," for its own May festival.

The curtain rose to show a street fair in Japan. Brightly lighted lanterns of all colors hung from the ceiling, and in the background a wisteria vine was twined around a Japanese trellis. Cherry trees at right and left of the

stage were in full bloom. One booth at the back of the stage displayed kites and other toys for boys; another was filled with dolls and gifts for girls to buy. Flower girls, carrying trays of tiny plants and bouquets of flowers, walked among the people at the "fair."

The children looked up pictures and books on Japan to be sure their costumes were just right. Several pupils brought real Japanese kimonos from home. There was much interest throughout the school and neighborhood in things Japanese. After everything was planned, mothers, children and teachers bought the materials and made the costumes. You will see how they turned out from the picture on page 21. A committee of teachers and children planned the scenery, too, and made paper flowers and other decorations. The booths and trellis were built in the mechanical arts shop.

Children from every grade in the school took part in the program. Even the kindergarteners with their rhythm band were included. Specialty dances were given by pupils dressed as lantern girls, nodding dolls, chrysanthemums, dragon flies, geisha girls, cherry blossoms, and bandits. The whole school enjoyed the melodies and the story of life in Japan learned through the operetta.

THE J. R. C. poster with children from all over the world encircling the globe, led members of the Branch School at Heath, Massachusetts, to work on a project, "Open Doors to Peace." They made typical doorways through which could be seen interesting scenes of many lands abroad. Later these were placed around the poster as part of an international exhibit.

## Johnny Appleseed

*(Continued from page 9)*

said that he sometimes wore a tin mush pan for a hat.

Many a lonely family was made happier by his visits as he made his annual rounds. When he had seen to the trees he had formerly planted he would spin yarns at the supper table and then, with the family gathered about the evening fire, he would read aloud from the Bible he always carried and explain what the Scriptures meant to him. The deep-set eyes in the lean tanned face would glow with earnestness. At dawn he would depart and the whole family would wave farewell to the shrunken but valiant figure trudging

afoot, pack on his back, to the next of his orchards.

"Come back when the apples are ripe, Johnny!"

"Aye, so I will. Maybe sooner—when the trees are blossoming. That's the sight I like best."

He died in a cabin near Fort Wayne in 1847, when he was almost seventy-five years old and had been planting apple trees for half a century. And the descendants of the settlers he befriended still speak with great affection of the man who gave them their orchards, the almost legendary character known as Johnny Appleseed.

# The Midnight Elephant

Ruth Langland Holberg

Pictures by Richard Holberg

**B**UDGE and Roddy were having the time of their lives visiting in Maine. Grandpa and Grandma called them Budge and Roddy instead of by their real names, Charles and Rosamond.

The hay was cut and raked and piled into little hills that dried in the sun and began to smell sweet.

Roddy said, "I'd like to sleep in the hay, it is so shiny and clean. I think that is why the Baby Jesus smiled at the Wise Men."

"How do you know He did?" asked Budge.

"I just know," said Roddy.

Then Hank Summerbell, the hired man, called, "Come now, we're going to the barn."

He helped them to climb up on the hay rick and they made nests on top of the load. The nests grew deeper and deeper as they sank into them, until Roddy said, "I can't see over the top!"

She climbed up the slippery hay and before she knew it she began to slide a little. Then all of a sudden she went down, down—down with a great bunch of hay and landed between the hay rick and a barbed wire fence.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled Budge. "Roddy's fallen off!"

Hank Summerbell hollered, "Whoa! Whoa!" to the dappled gray team of horses. He picked Roddy from between the fence and the hay rick.

"I'm not hurt at all, but I was surprised!" she said.

"There now!" Hank hoisted her up again. "Stay put this time."

Roddy lay back and looked at the big white clouds traveling across the sky.

"They look like camels in a caravan," said Budge. "I wonder where they are going and where they came from."

"Now they are elephants!" said Roddy, "circus elephants, and there is a big band wagon and I see a huge horn sticking over the top of the wagon!"

"I see a clown!" Budge was excited, "and a tent with stripes!"

Just then the hay wagon stopped and Hank helped them down.

"Do you see the cloud elephants?" asked Roddy.

Hank squinted up at the sky. "Wal, I dunno. Maybe something like elephants. But you'd see real elephants if you was to be on the road about midnight."

Budge snorted, "You're only fooling!"

"No, sirree! The circus is traveling on foot from the junction to this town because the train doesn't come here. They come down the main road over there at night. I've even heard of someone who got up to see it go by—a long time ago that was. But you'll probably be asleep then."

Before Budge and Roddy could ask questions Grandma rang the dinnerbell. They scampered off in a hurry because they were going to have apple pan-dowdy for dessert.

All afternoon Budge and Roddy made





She clung tight to the vine

secret plans and walked around the house and did all sorts of odd things. If Grandpa and Grandma had not been busy they would have wondered what it was all about.

"Is it very dark at midnight?" asked Roddy after supper.

Grandpa said, "Sometimes it is as black as your pocket, but when the moon is full you could almost read the paper outdoors."

"When is the moon full, Grandpa?"

"Right now. Only it rises after you go to bed, so I guess you haven't noticed." He rattled his newspaper and that meant he wanted to read.

Roddy and Budge went to bed at their

regular hour in the little rooms next to each other under the eaves. It was very dark outside and Budge wished he had a little moon to light the rooms while he went about some mysterious business. At last he whispered, "There now, Roddy, go to sleep. It's all fixed."

Roddy smiled sleepily and crunched down her pillow until it was just right and in no time she was fast asleep and dreaming. She dreamed for a few hours and then began to wake up. Something was hurting her big toe and she was just going to cry out, "Grandma!" when a soft "Ssssh!" came from the door.

Then she remembered that Budge had tied a string to her big toe and the other end of the string to his big toe.

"You know I always kick around after I sleep awhile and the string pulling both our big toes will make us wake up," Budge had said before he went to bed.

There was a pattern of bright moonbeams on the rag rug and plenty of light to dress by. Budge quietly took the screen from her window that he had loosened in the afternoon and standing on a chair he reached out and took firm hold of a thick trumpet vine outside her window. He climbed out and lowered himself on the vine until he reached a ladder leaning against the house. The ladder had been lugged from the two apple trees along the main road just inside the fence.

Roddy with a tremble in her legs hoisted herself over the sill. She clung tight to the vine, trying to be as brave going down as she had been that afternoon when she tried going up it. It was

just a little way to the ladder where Budge stood ready to guide her feet to the first rung. Soon they were both on the ground and running soundlessly toward the road.

It was cold and queer and terribly still. The moon made plenty of light, but it was chilly light.

"I wish I had my sweater on," whispered Roddy to Budge, shivering.

Budge hugged himself to keep warm. "So do I, but we don't dare to go back for them or we'll wake someone."

They stared down the empty road.

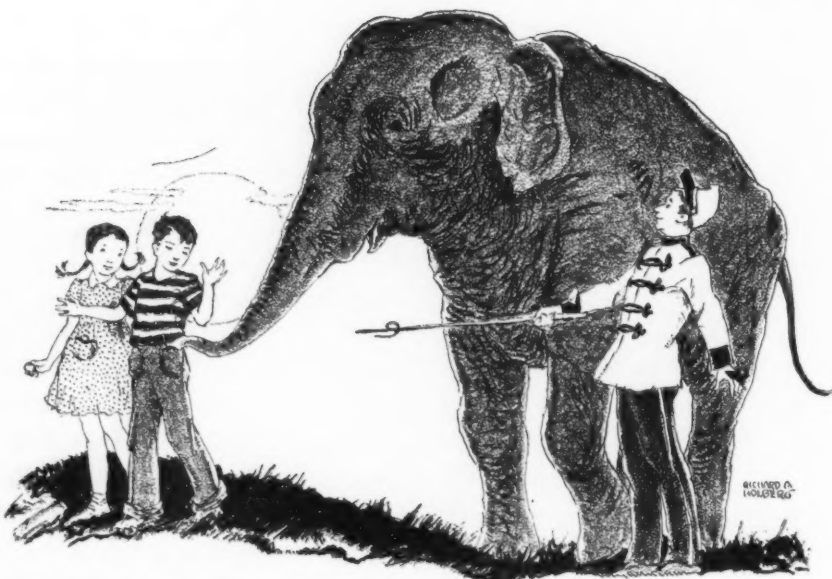
"I'm hungry," Roddy complained. "I wish I had stored some cookies in my pocket at supper time."

"There's apples right here!" said Budge.

He shook a limb of the tree and they ate a few but they were puckery and not very sweet. They put some in their pockets.

All of a sudden there was a faint, far-away rumble. Budge dropped down and listened with his ear to the ground like an Indian he had read about. Then they flew down the road to the bridge that crossed the brook.

The circus was coming out of the night. It was a small circus, but there were horses and wagons with bars for wild animals, and three camels, and some big wagons like tiny houses on wheels with



The elephant put his trunk right into Budge's pocket

clowns and bareback riders and trapeze performers fast asleep inside. At the tail end came a big gray elephant plodding along with his trainer. He wasn't wearing his fine trappings, all gold and fringes and embroidery. He was a plain gray elephant going along slow and sleepy-like.

When they reached the bridge, the elephant marched right down the bank and plunged into the brook. He filled his trunk with cool water and sprayed it over his dusty hide.

The trainer could not make the elephant come out of the brook. He called and coaxed, "Come on, Caesar, come on now! You've had enough water to drown in."

The rest of the circus kept right on going and the trainer prodded the elephant with his wand but it did no good, for Caesar kept right on spraying water and enjoying himself.

Then all of a sudden the elephant raised his head and looked towards

Roddy and Budge. He turned up the bank and padded right to Budge, swashing water with his heavy feet. Roddy wanted to scream, but no voice came. Budge was frozen to the spot.

The elephant put his wet trunk right into Budge's pocket and pulled out an apple and ate it in one gulp.

The trainer began to laugh.

"Don't be afraid. Caesar here is gentle as a lamb when he gets what he wants. He smelled the apple. Have you got any more?"

Budge held an apple in his hand and the elephant took it with his trunk.

"Lead him along," said the trainer.

Budge could hardly breathe, it was so wonderful to lead an elephant down the road.

"Come on, Caesar," he ordered. And Caesar came right along, taking another apple from his hand.

Roddy grew bolder and begged to lead Caesar, too. She shook with delight every time he took an apple from her

hand. Slowly they went down the moonlit road until they reached the apple trees.

Caesar ate the fallen apples and Budge shook a limb for more.

"I guess we better be pushing along now," said the trainer.

He gave the elephant a thump and Caesar went as gentle as a lamb to join the rest of the circus.

Budge and Roddy watched them out of sight. They began to yawn and shiver in the chilly air. Then they crept softly to the ladder and the vine and the open window and their empty beds. They decided to tell Grandma and Grandpa first thing in the morning all about their adventure.

Budge whispered at Roddy's door, "I think perhaps Grandpa did just what we did when he was a boy. I think he is the one Hank meant."

Roddy was so sleepy she just yawned "Um hum——," and tucked her head into the hollow of her pillow.



## Some Day

Mary Stephens Hartley

Picture by Helen Finger

**S**OME day I'm going to have a pony  
And ride him up and down the sea,  
A little red one, fat not bony,  
With white mane waving merrily.

I'll ride him faster than the ocean;  
It will be fun to feel him dash;  
It will be fun to feel his motion  
And hear his feet go splash, splash,  
splash!



The last part of the program given at the Northwestern Indiana State J. R. C. Conference in East Chicago told in tableaux the history of the Red Cross, coming on down to the Junior Red Cross. This group formed the background for the Junior part of the program. Forty-three countries were portrayed. A group of boys with Yugoslavian background, dressed in cos-

tumes of the country, played songs on native instruments. A girl from Spain danced the fandango. A Greek boy wore the costume which belonged to his grandfather, whose boyhood was spent in Greece. A boy in Hungarian costume played Hungarian music on his violin. All during the pageant a chorus of nearly a hundred children sang, very softly, national tunes.



